Deadworld Reclamation

And Hell Followed With

It seeks to be released. The fragments of a once brightened disposition are blackened in misanthropic digust of all that has unsettled from within: in mere repulsion, so ravenous the innermost. My form contorts in disbelief, my patience attenuated. In the arousal of so foul a stench, my very structure distorts. From beneath ever grinning lips doth vile corruption run.. As black as the midnight air does it pour from my mouth, now agape. In the amorous arms of iniquity held is my porcelain form of frailty debased. Defiling, the ground beneath me now corrodes. A force unto this earth bestowed, seething in noxious lament. Pooling from my very base does this eclipsing tide seek only to envelope. This loathsome liquid of origins unknown from wounds exposed has run from this, my temple, now unto the ground. From within the purview of this darkest deception does this, oh verminous salvation, befoul the world beneath. My arms now opened in cruel depiction of Christ, I watch in horror as the world diminishes.

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